



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

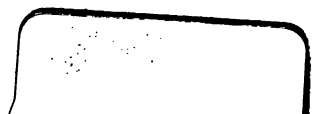
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600080326P



1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19



CLASS-BOOK

OF

ENGLISH POETRY.



*Pt. I.
(Impr Division.)*

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1866.

280. k. 216.

NEW CLASS-BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY.

(NELSON'S SCHOOL SERIES.)

Just out,

PART I.—JUNIOR DIVISION.

Small Type Edition *Price Sixpence.*

Large Type Edition..... „ *One Shilling.*

Nearly ready,

PART II.—SENIOR DIVISION.

Small Type Edition *Price Sixpence.*

Large Type Edition..... „ *One Shilling.*

THE TWO PARTS BOUND IN ONE.

Small Type Edition *Price One Shilling.*

Large Type Edition „ *Two Shillings.*

Preface.

It is important that the process of acquiring the art of reading—not as a mechanical art merely, but as an accomplishment—should be rendered to the pupil as pleasing and attractive as possible. It is necessary, also, that his reading should be of such a nature as imperceptibly to impress him with the sense of a true and beautiful style; thus becoming to him a source of intellectual pleasure, by gratifying a taste which it serves to create. And, more obviously still, it is of the utmost consequence in educational work, that the heart should be addressed as well as the intellect, and that the development of the moral affections should go on together with the culture of the mind.

It has therefore been the aim of the Editor of this volume to present such a Selection as will make the work a really useful auxiliary to the teacher who recognises the importance of the principles referred to, and is desirous of carrying them into effect in the daily work of the school.

Special attention is requested to the following admirable extract from a Lecture by Mr. Vernon Lushington :—

ON LEARNING BY HEART.

Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope. Again: how much in such a poem that you

really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind disperses. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure;—better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the work-shop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold. . . . Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces. . . .

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some

poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said,—that any *spouting* “withers and blows upon a fine passage;” that there is no enjoying it after it has been “pawed about by declamatory boys and men.” But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best, and freely receiving what his neighbour offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for reciting’s sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it: I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, “Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded.” . . .

If any ask, “What shall I learn?” the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Then “keeping up” is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.

Contents.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

	Page
Little Jim,	<i>Anon.</i> 11
The Orphans' Voyage Home, ..	<i>Anon.</i> 13
The Blind Girl's Lament, ..	<i>Anon.</i> 15
The Ark and the Dove, ..	<i>Sigourney.</i> 16
Little Willie,	<i>G. Massey.</i> 17
Fly away, Ladybird,	<i>S. C. Hall.</i> 19
The Fretful Child,	<i>Mary Bennett.</i> 19
The Orphans,	<i>Anon.</i> 20
Compassion,	<i>Aiken.</i> 23
The King and the Miller, ..	<i>A. Mackenzie.</i> 24
Faith Hope, and Charity, ..	<i>Sewell's "Homely Ballads."</i> .. 25
Conscience,	<i>R. Southwell.</i> 32
Lessons to be Derived from Birds,	<i>G. W. Doane.</i> 34
The Boy on the Gate,	<i>J. Orton.</i> 35
The Child and the Stars, ..	<i>J. E. Carpenter.</i> 36
The Pebble and the Acorn, ..	<i>H. F. Gould.</i> 36
The Pet Lamb,	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 33
Epitaph on a Hare,	<i>Cowper.</i> 41
Lucy Gray,	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 42
The Bible,	<i>Sir Walter Scott.</i> 44
The Mother and her Child, ..	<i>"Christian Advocate & Journal."</i> 44
To my Mother,	<i>Moore.</i> 46
The Soldier's Return,	<i>Miss Blamire.</i> 46
The Dying Boy,	<i>Anon.</i> 48
The Hound,	<i>Anon.</i> 50
The Homes of England,	<i>Hemans.</i> 51

	Page
Who is my Neighbour?	52
A Mother's Recompense,	53
Fidelity,	54
The Lost Day,	56
The Wreck,	57
The Graves of a Household,	58
The Greenwood Shrift,	59
The Angels Song,	63
Staffa,	64
Lord Ullin's Daughter,	65
Ode to the Cuckoo,	67
The Mouse's Petition,	68
The Little Shroud,	69
An English Christmas Home,	70
Speak Gently,	71
A Cheap but Precious Treasure,	72
The Dying Child,	73
The Mother Praying,	74
The Child and the Dew-drops,	75
The Dew-drop and the Stream,	76
Ellen More,	77
Excelsior,	79
I Remember, I Remember,	81
The Village Blacksmith,	82
Alexander Selkirk's Soliloquy,	83
Paddle Your Own Canoe,	85
Rob Roy's Grave,	86
The Sword,	88
Bruce and the Spider,	89
The Heart of Bruce in Melrose Abbey,	91
The Scottish Exile's Farewell,	92
The Drum,	93
Humility,	95
Winter and Spring	95
The Weaver,	96
Infantine Inquiries,	98
Birds of Passage,	99
The Sunbeam,	100
The Time for Prayer,	101

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
Be Kind,	<i>Anon.</i> 102
The Bended Bow,	<i>Hemans.</i> 103
The Snow-Flake,	<i>H. F. Gould.</i> 105
What Is Time?	<i>Marsden.</i> 106
Complaints of the Poor,	<i>Southey.</i> 107
The Dwellings of the Poor,	<i>Dr. S. T. Hall.</i> 109
Ballad of the Tempest,	<i>J. T. Fields.</i> 110
The Ship on Fire,	<i>C. Mackay.</i> 110
The Contented and Virtuous Wood- cutter,	<i>Anon.</i> 111
Report on an Adjudged Case,	<i>Cowper.</i> 113
The Hare and the Tortoise,	<i>Lloyd.</i> 114
The Dirge of Wallace,	<i>Campbell.</i> 115
The Indian's Revenge,	<i>M'Lellan.</i> 117
The Death of Höfer,	" <i>Dublin University Magazine.</i> " 118
The Arab's Farewell to His Steed,	<i>Hon. Mrs. Norton.</i> 120
The Life-Boat,	<i>C. H. Purday.</i> 122
The Fox and the Cat,	<i>J. Cunningham.</i> 123
Death and Burial of a Child at Sea,	<i>Anon.</i> 124
After Blenheim,	<i>Southey.</i> 126
Napoleon and the Sailor,	<i>Campbell.</i> 128
The Daisy,	<i>Montgomery.</i> 130
The Rose,	<i>Cowper.</i> 131
An Italian Boat Song,	<i>Sir E. B. Lytton.</i> 132
My Choice,	<i>Anon.</i> 133
The Sailor's Mother,	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 134
The Blind Mother,	<i>N. P. Willis.</i> 135
England's Oak,	<i>Bernard Barton.</i> 136
Vespers,	<i>Hemans.</i> 138
The Soldier's Dream,	<i>Campbell.</i> 139
The Burial of Sir John Moore,	<i>Wolfe.</i> 139
Chevy Chase,	<i>Old Ballad.</i> 140
A Tale,	<i>Cowper.</i> 140
The Stormy Petrel,	<i>Procter.</i> 151
Land Bird at Sea,	<i>Sigourney.</i> 152
William Tell,	<i>Rev. J. H. Gurney.</i> 154
The Mother Perishing in a Snow Storm,	<i>Seba Smith.</i> 153
Never Give Up,	<i>Tupper.</i> 159
True Nobility,	<i>R. Nicoll.</i> 160

					Page
Coronach,	..	<i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	..	..	160
The Little Boy that Died,	..	<i>J. D. Robinson.</i>	..	..	161
Young Again,	..	<i>Anon.</i>	..	..	162
The Blind Deaf-Mute, ..	..	<i>Rev. J. D. Burns.</i>	..	..	164
Little Shoes and Stockings,	..	<i>Anon.</i>	..	..	165
The Star and the Child, ..	..	<i>Anon.</i>	..	..	166
Thy Will be Done,	..	<i>A. L. Waring.</i>	..	..	166
The Contented Man,	..	<i>Johann Miller.</i>	..	..	168
The Fallen Leaves,	..	<i>Hon. Mrs. Norton.</i>	..	..	169
My Mother's Bible,	..	<i>G. P. Morris.</i>	..	..	170
On Guard,	..	<i>Anon.</i>	..	..	171
Trust in God, and Do the Right, ..	..	<i>Rev. N. Macleod.</i>	..	..	172
The Last Day,	..	<i>Luther.</i>	..	..	173
The Hour of Death,	..	<i>Hemans.</i>	..	..	174

CLASS-BOOK
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

Junior Division.

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild ;
A patient mother knelt beside
The deathbed of her child.

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim ;
He was a collier's only child—
They called him little Jim.

And oh ! to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought—
She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life ;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the suff'rer's bed ;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead !

She gets her answer from the child ;
Soft fell these words from him :—
“ Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim !

I have no pain, dear mother, now,
But oh ! I am so dry ;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
And, mother, don't you cry.”

With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips ;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three little tiny sips.

“ Tell father, when he comes from work,
I said good-night to him ;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep :”—
Alas ! poor little Jim !

She saw that he was dying—
The child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was opened,
The collier's step was heard ;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spoke a word !

He knew that all was over—
 He knew his child was dead;
 He took the candle in his hand,
 And walked towards the bed.

His quivering lips gave token
 Of grief he'd fain conceal;
 And see! his wife has joined him—
 The stricken couple kneel!

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
 They humbly ask of Him,
 In heaven once more to meet again
 Their own poor little Jim.

ANON.

THE ORPHANS' VOYAGE HOME.

THE men could hardly keep the deck, so bitter was the night;
 Keen north-east winds sang through the shrouds, the deck
 was frosty white;
 While overhead the glistening stars put forth their points
 of light.

On deck, behind a bale of goods, two orphans crouched to
 sleep;
 But 'twas so cold the younger boy in vain tried not to weep:
 They were so poor they had no right near cabin doors to
 creep.

The elder round the younger wrapped his little ragged cloak,
 To shield him from the freezing sleet, and surf that o'er
 them broke;
 Then drew him closer to his side, and softly to him spoke:—

“The night will not be long,” he said; “and if the cold
 winds blow,
 We shall the sooner reach our home, and see the peat-fire
 glow;
 But now the stars are beautiful—oh, do not tremble so!

Come closer—sleep—forget the frost—think of the morning
red!—

Our father and our mother soon will take us to their bed ;
And in their warm arms we shall sleep !” He knew not
they were dead.

For them no father to the ship shall with the morning
come ;

For them no mother’s loving arms are spread to take them
home :

Meanwhile the cabin-passengers in dreams of pleasure roam.

At length the orphans sank to sleep upon the freezing deck,
Close huddled side to side,—each arm clasped round the
other’s neck ;

With heads bent down, they dreamed the earth was fading
to a speck.

The steerage passengers have all been taken down below,
And round the stove they warm their limbs into a drowsy
glow ;

And soon within their berths forget the icy wind and snow.

Now morning dawns : the land in sight, smiles beam on
every face !

The pale and qualmy passengers begin the deck to pace,
Seeking along the sun-lit cliffs some well-known spot to trace.

Only the orphans do not stir, of all this bustling train :
They reached their *home* that starry night ! they will not
stir again !

The winter’s breath proved kind to them, and ended all
their pain.

But in their deep and freezing sleep clasped rigid to each
other,

In dreams they cried, “The bright morn breaks ! Home,
home is here, my brother !

The angel Death has been our friend !—we come ! dear
father ! mother !”

THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring;
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy, unknown thing;—

It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and star-set sky;
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,—
That thus I weep and sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes
Fall full upon mine ear,
Are not all beautiful to sight,
Though sweet their songs to hear.

They tell me that the gayest flowers
Which sunshine ever brings
Are not the ones I know so well,
But strange and scentless things.

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step
And tiny hand I know.

My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear;
The very atmosphere seems love
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor, blind, helpless girl
He says he loves the best.

'Tis then I ponder unknown things,—
It may be, weep or sigh,—
And think how glorious it must be
To meet affection's eye.

ANON.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

"TELL me a story, please," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rained and rained and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood
And people dwelt a fearful deluge rolled ;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God.

But one good man,
Who long had warn'd the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife
And children, turned for safety.

Two and two,
Of beasts and birds and creeping things, he took,
With food for all ; and, when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.

And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lovely pinion o'er that boundless wave.

All was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw ;
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience.

Nought she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which perchance

Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.

The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thoughts
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip.

And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah with glad spirit reared
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek pressed to mine, she fondly says,
"Tell me the story of the Dove."

SIGOURNEY.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his look,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the soil of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When from the cold world
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless—
Little Willie cried for "bread ;"
In the night we wandered homeless—
Little Willie cried for "bed."
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said ;
Ah ! so tired was poor Willie!
And so sweetly sleep the dead !

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth ;
The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave ;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part ;
We loved him dutiful :
Down, down, poor heart !
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave ;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie—
In the world he had no part ;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye
Through which looks no heart.

"Come to me," said Heaven ;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

FLY AWAY, LADYBIRD.

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—
Away, away, away !
Fly from the wind of the wintry day ;
Why do you linger ?—away, away !
The flower and the tree have no home for thee ;
The gay and the fair are lonely and bare :
Then fly away, Ladybird, fly away—
Away, away, away !

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—
Away, away, away !
Go with the happy, the glad, and the gay ;
Gem of the garden, away, away !
The flower and the tree, what are they to thee ?
Alone let them die, and far away fly—
Fly away, Ladybird, fly away—
Away, away, away !

S. C. HALL.

THE FRETFUL CHILD.

DEAR, unhappy, fretful child,
Come and let us talk a while ;
Tears your face have sadly spoiled,
And I cannot see a smile.

Brows are frowning, eyes are sad,
Lips are sullen, words are sour ;—
Ah ! my darling, this is bad,
Thus to mar the fleeting hour.

God hath given you every good—
 Home, kind friends, who love you well,
 Light and clothing, health and food—
 Blessings more than I can tell.

Oh, it is an evil thing
 For youth, upon its happy way,
 Thankless, to be murmuring,
 When it should be glad and gay !

MARY BENNETT.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
 Just as the setting sun's last ray
 Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
 Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
 The time till supper to beguile
 In moralizing o'er the dead
 That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
 Where want, and pain, and toil did rest ;
 And many a flattering stone I viewed
 O'er those who once had wealth possess.

A faded beech its shadow brown
 Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
 On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
 Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
 Which neither seemed inclined to take ;
 And yet they looked so much a prey
 To want, it made my heart to ache.

*"My little children, let me know
 Why you in such distress appear,*

And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a one might cheer ?”

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased :
“ Lady, we’ve not enough to eat—
Ah ! if we had we should not waste.

But sister Mary’s naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate’er I say ;
Though sure I am the bread’s her own,
For she has tasted none to-day.”—

“ Indeed,” the wan, starved Mary said,
“ Till Henry eat I’ll eat no more ;
For yesterday I got some bread,
He’s had none since the day before.”—

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech ;
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And did his simple tale impart :—

“ Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o’er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside yon great ash tree.

But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell ;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

*She said that, when the war was o’er,
Perhaps we might our father see ;*

But if we never saw him more,
That God our Father then would be !

She kissed us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have ;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together at poor mother's grave.

But when my father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

We hand in hand went many'a mile,
And asked our way of all we met ;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

But when we reached the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be ;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

Then since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around ;—
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found ?

He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there ;
So, if she knows we want his aid,
I think perhaps she'll send him here.”—

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, “Come both and live with me ;

I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God shall be your Father still ;—
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."
ANON.

COMPASSION.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat ;

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore :—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before—
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear ;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast :
Cold, cold it blows across the moor—
The weary moor that I have passed !"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
Which told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

AIKEN.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn to night—
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
“ I envy nobody—no, not I ;
And nobody envies me ! ”

“ Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said old King Hal—
“ Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free

While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap :—
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee :
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown ;
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee ;—
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee !"

A. MACKENZIE.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

A GALLANT ship went out to sea
From Scotland's rocky shore,
And with her sailed one hundred men,
To dig for golden ore.

The anchor rose, the sails were set,
And steady blew the breeze ;
And merrily the vessel went
Across the tossing seas.

From morn till night her course she kept,
The land was still in view,
And passengers upon the deck
Oft sighed a long adieu.

The second day was at an end,
And night came slowly down,
But still upon the distant coast
They saw a lighted town.

Then darkness settled on the ship,
And o'er the ocean crept,
And, ere the middle of the night,
All but the seamen slept.

Oh! many went to sleep that night,
On whom no morn shall rise;
And many closed their eyelids then,
To waken in the skies!

And many hearts beat true and warm
For those they ne'er should save;
And many hopes were buried then,
Beneath the green sea wave.

A heavy fog came stealing down,
And o'er the waters spread—
So thick, the steersman scarce could see
A dozen yards ahead.

There was a moment, and no more,
No warning crossed the sea,—
An Indiaman, with crowded sails,
Bore down upon their lee!

No time to tack, to give her room,
No time to wake the men;
The mighty vessel ran them down,
Then bore away again!

The eddying waves closed o'er the wreck,
Then rolled on as before;
And that ship's company went down,
To sail the sea no more!

A fisherman upon the beach,
At early break of day,
Observed an object on the tide
That rolled within the bay.

'Twas not the seaweed's heavy mass
Which clogged the billows' swell ;
'Twas not the wood of rifted wreck
That floated on so well.

The fisherman strode boldly in,
And, ere it reached the strand,
He seized upon a floating form,
And bore it to the land.

It was a child—a little girl—
Of some ten years or more,
That here the cold, remorseless wave,
Was casting on the shore !

And pitiful the look he bent
On that young form so fair ;
And tenderly he wiped the face,
And wrung the heavy hair.

“ I'll take her home to Margaret,
And see what she can do ;
If life is in the body yet,
She's sure to bring it to.”

Within his dwelling on the beach
He laid the body down ;
And every means the good wife used
That she had heard or known.

The youthful limbs were barely hid
By clothing for the night ;
And heavy lay the closed lids
On eyes that once were bright.

The soft round cheek was cold and blue,
That erst was like the rose
That opens in the early dew,
When morning zephyr blows.

The sweet young mouth was tightly closed,
As if 'twere closed in pain ;
Oh ! will the warm blood ever tinge
Those livid lips again ?

But Margaret's patience wearied not ;
She feels the warmth return,—
The little heart begins to move,
The breath she can discern.

And do we say—"Thy cares forego,
And let the floweret die ;
The tender bud, though blighted now,
Will blossom in the sky :

The storms of life may beat it down,
And sin may yet prevail ;
Or poverty, with cruel hand,
May crush that flower so frail :

Oh ! let it die ?"—but so said not
The heart of Margaret ;
Her cheerful hope, like jewel bright,
In simple faith was set.

Life was to her a sacred gift,
A high and priceless thing,
To which the blessed Son of God
Did free salvation bring.

That grace came not to her in vain ;
She heard the heavenly voice,
That often now within her soul
Said, "Margaret, rejoice !"

The living stream that healed her heart,
Descending from above,
Left not a barren soil behind,
But rich in fruits of love.

The weeping stranger told her tale
To no unfeeling ear,—
Her little brothers all were drowned,
And both her parents dear.

And she had no relations left,—
Now they were in the sea ;
They all had left their pleasant homes
Upon the banks of Dee.

“ Fear not, my lamb,” said Margaret,
“ I will your mother be ;
And you shall be as merry here
As on the banks of Dee.

Here’s Marianne, and Isabel,
And John, and little Jane ;
And you shall be their sister dear,
And think ’tis home again.”

The little orphan raised her lips
To kiss good Margaret’s cheek ;
But grief lay heavy on her heart,
And words she could not speak.

But ere that many weeks had flown
Her sorrow died away,
And little Jessie sang as blithe
As merry birds in May.

Down to the fisher’s lowly cot
The busy neighbours came :—
“ If you take in that friendless child,
I think you’ll be to blame.

I'd send her to the Union House,
And there I'd let her be."—
Said Margaret, "The Lord has sent
That little one to me.

I should not, of myself, have thought
A thing like this to do ;
But if God laid it out for me,
Why, he will bring me through."—

"You know," another kindly said,
"You have already four ;
And though you're decent, honest folks,
Still you are reckoned poor."—

"And we are poor, and very poor,
I know," said Margaret ;
"But God can show my husband where
To cast his fishing-net.

For He who made the fish, you know,
Can guide them as they swim ;—
The widow and the orphan child
Hold promises from Him."—

"Well, you must please yourself, of course ;
But, in my humble thought,
You're taking on yourselves more care
Than working-people ought."—

"It may be so—I know," she said,
"But still I am content ;
I have a feeling in my mind
That we shall not repent.

If your sweet darling, little Bell,
Should ever have the lot
To be shipwrecked and cast away,
And no friend near the spot,—

Would you not bless with all your heart
The man who took her in,
And made a father's home for her
In this sad world of sin?"—

"Well, neighbour, that is very true;
It makes my feelings stir,
To think that such a cruel fate
Could ever come to her.

No doubt the gentlefolks would help,
If you would state the case:
She is an interesting child,
And has a pretty face."—

A cloud passed over Margaret's brow,
But still her voice was kind:
"I'd rather not ask charity,
It always hurts my mind;

And 'twill be time to think of that
If we should get too poor;—
I think that He will bring her bread
Who brought her to our door."—

And so the neighbours went away,
And many shook their head:
They said she was a feeling soul,
But wofully misled.

And Margaret—she sat down to read
The Book that gave her light;
And, as she read, she strongly felt
That she was doing right.

In fact, it seemed as clear to her
As noonday in the sun,
That they would ne'er repent the thing
Which they in faith had done.

The fishing-boat went out to sea,
The fishing-boat came back,
And whichsoever way it went,
The fish were in its track !

When raging tempests roused the sea,
And sailors found their graves,
Unharm'd the little fishing-boat
Lay rocking on the waves.

For He who walked upon the sea,
And chose His dearest friends
From poor and lowly fishermen,
The fishing-boat defends.

No harm can ever touch the thing
Committed to His care ;
Nor can a million voices drown
The voice of earnest prayer.

And He repaid the simple trust
Of faithful Margaret,
And daily taught her husband where
To cast the fishing-net.

The fishing-boat went out to sea,
The fishing-boat came back,
And whichsoever way it went,
The fish were in its track !

SEWELL'S *Homely Ballads*.

CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown ;
Contented thoughts my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself—
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
A mean, the surest lot ;—
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil :
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care of coin ;
Well-doing is my wealth :
My mind to me an empire is
While Grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream,
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend ;

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down :
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown ;

And when, in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

R. SOUTHWELL.

LESSONS TO BE DERIVED FROM BIRDS.

WHAT is that, mother?

The lark, my child!
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son!
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her constant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun;
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove:
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,—
He is floating down by himself to die.

Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

G. W. DOANE.

THE BOY ON THE GATE.

THE rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Is a right merry monarch in all but estate :
But treasure brings trouble—what title is free ?
Thus better without one, thus happy is he ;
For the ring of his laugh is a mirth-moving strain,
Which a choir of young creatures respond to again.
The birds are all singing, each heart is elate
With the rosy-cheeked urchin that hangs on the gate.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Hath Nature's own pages upon him to wait ;
His joyous companions—a cherubim crew,
With posies of daisies and buttercups too.
He boasts not of jewels on forehead or breast ;
But his heart is all gladness—his mind is at rest.
Oh ! what are the honours, the glories of state,
To the rosy-cheeked urchin that hangs on the gate !

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Waves proudly on high his sachel and slate ;
The sky is all brightness—the fields are all gay ;
Green branches are waving—the lambs are at play :
And where is the bosom that pines not to be
Thus bathed in the sunlight as happy as he ?
For the heart's purest pleasures we find when too late,
And sigh to be swinging again on the gate.

JOHN ORTON.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

"THEY tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
 That sparkles at night is a star ;
 But why do they dwell in those regions so high,
 And shed their cold lustre so far ?
 I know that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
 That it gives to the flow'rets their birth,
 But what are the stars? do they nothing but fling
 Their cold rays of light upon earth?"—

"My child, it is said that yon stars in the sky
 Are worlds that are fashioned like this,
 Where the souls of the good and the gentle, who die,
 Assemble together in bliss ;
 And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
 Of His glory whose throne is above,
 That tell us, who dwell in these regions of night,
 How great is His goodness and love."—

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
 Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
 If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
 Dear mother, I know, must be there."—
 "Thou chidest me well," said the father with pain ;
 "Thy wisdom is greater by far :
 We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain
 While we gaze on each beautiful star."

J. R. CARPENTER.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I AM a Pebble, and yield to none !"
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone ;
 "Nor change nor season can alter me,—
 I am abiding while ages flee.
 The pelting hail and drizzling rain
 Have tried to soften me long in vain ;

And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart,—but it was not felt.

“None can tell of the Pebble’s birth ;
For I am as old as the solid earth !
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass ;
And many a foot on me has trod
That’s gone from sight and under the sod !
I am a Pebble ! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough ?”

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute ;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere ;
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
“Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentler dew nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel.”

And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay ;
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak ;
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,—

“Ah, modest Acorn ! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell—

That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I.

“ Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year ;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I’ve been ! ”
The Pebble could not its vow forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, “ Drink, pretty creature, drink ! ”
And, looking o’er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone :
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail with
pleasure shook.

“ Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare !
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked ; and from that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face :
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing :—

“What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at thy
cord?

Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy
heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art :
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have no peers ;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou need'st not
fear—

The rain and storm are things which scarcely can come
here.

Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away :
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
none ;
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home :
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this
can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now ;
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plough :
My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

It will not, will not rest !—poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee ?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor
hear.

Alas, the mountain-tops, that look so green and fair !
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there :
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep,—and at break of day I will come to thee again !”

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song :
“ Nay,” said I, “ more than half to the *damsel* must belong ;
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such
a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

WORDSWORTH.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's hollo !

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
He used to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippin's russet peel ;
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,

Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his last long home ;
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

She, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiny's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

COWPER.

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”—

"That, father, will I gladly do !
"Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-hand ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
" In heaven we all shall meet !"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BIBLE.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch—to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BESIDE her mother sat a darling child,
Wasted by sickness, from whose cheek the bloom
Had passed away: her large blue eyes, as mild
And soft—as lovely as the sky in June,
Were fixed upon the morning star, so soon,

Like her own life, to melt in glorious day ;
And as its pale beams trembled in the room,
Her heart throbb'd wildly, for they seemed to say
In whispers, to her spirit, " Come with us away !"

" Mother, dear mother, lift my weary head,
And lay it gently on your own dear breast ;
Now kiss me, mother—let your smiles be shed
Upon my heart, for soon your child will rest,
Far from your care, with saints and angels blest :
For I have had a dream of that bright land
Where spirits dwell ; and like the golden west
At sunset was the glory of the band I saw,
And soon shall with them near the Saviour stand.

See, mother, that bright star is almost gone !
It wears to me a blissful smile, and fain
My aching heart would have it live—it shone
So sweetly on it that it hushed its pain.
Come, lift me up, and let me see again
Its mellow light before it dies, and sing—
I feel so well—the little hymn, the same
You taught me months ago, that e'er would bring
Our souls so near to heaven, as on an unseen wing."

The mother's heart was lifted up in prayer,
As rose the infant voice upon her ear :
The note hung quivering on the balmy air,
Like that of some sweet birdling, soft and clear ;
While round the child, dispelling every fear,
Came floating visions from the land her dream
Had pictured to her happy soul so near ;
Then, as the song poured forth, the warbled theme
But seemed an anthem echoed from a brighter scene.

She stopped, her head drooped low ; the trembling strain
Was broken where the gushing melody
Was softly lingering on the hallowed Name
Whose praises angels sound eternally.
Quickly the mother sunk upon her knee,

And from her snowy forehead threw the long
Dark tresses, and gazed upon her wildly :
The note seemed fluttering yet upon her tongue—
But she was dead!—her heart had broken with her song!

Christian Advocate and Journal.

TO MY MOTHER.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life which fills and warms
Its grateful being once had birth.

And thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame—if fame it be—
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

MOORE.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

THE wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed :
My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blazed,
The evening fire was clear and bright,
As through the window long I gazed,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her useful thread ;
My brothers strove to make them chat,
My sisters baked the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
And still let fall a silent tear ;
But soon my Jessy's grief will end—
She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do ? If in I went,
Surprise would chill each tender heart ;
Some story, then, I must invent,
And act the poor maimed soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crookèd up a lying knee ;
And soon I found, in that best place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventured in ;—Tray wagged his tail,
He fawned, and to my mother ran :
“ Come here ! ” she cried ; “ what can him ail ? ”
While my feigned story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age :
“ A poor old soldier lodging craves ;
The very name their loves engage,—
“ A soldier ! aye, the best we have ! ”

My father then drew in a seat ;
“ You're welcome,” with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

“ I had a son,” my father cried,
“ A soldier too—but he is gone.”
“ Have you heard from him ? ” I replied ;
“ I left behind me many a one ;

And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find—
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind.”

"Oh! does he live?" my father cried;
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessy now I silent eyed,
Who throbbed as if her heart would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessy gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow darting from a bow
Could not more quick the token reach;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said,—
She gazed and answered with a sigh;
My sisters looked, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son;
My brothers shook my hand away;
My mother said "her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day!"

MISS BLAMIRE.

THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To gambol in the sun, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die!
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
And on this wise bestowed his last bequest:—

“Mother! I’m dying now;—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press’d;
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother! your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You’ll miss me there!”—

“Father! I’m going home!
To the good home you speak of, that bless’d land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then:
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!”—

“Brother! the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We’ve stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be

A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"—

"Sister! my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give it thee.

And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done! .
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"—

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep!
Who was it called my name?—Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not! The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers—he was dead!

ANON.

THE HOUND.

DEAD on the battle-field
Lies one in silence sealed,
Grasping his lance and shield
Tightly around :

True to his lord and trust,
Crouched in the gory dust,
Licking the armour rust,
See the brave hound.

Vultures with instinct rare,
Sail through the tainted air,
Shrieking with lust to tear
Open the wound :

Still a safe watch he keeps,
E'en while his spirit weeps—
Guarding the slaughtered heaps,
Stands the bold hound.

When thrice the moonbeams rise,
Glazed are his loving eyes ;
Down, down he sinks, and dies,
Prone on the ground.

Eager for reeking food,
Swoop down the cursèd brood,
Rending, with talons rude,
Master and hound.

ANON.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides by them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths, by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

HEMANS.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door;—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;—
 Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favoured than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery;—
 Go share thy lot with him.

ANON.

A MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.

WHAT can a mother's heart repay,
 In after years,
 For watchful night and weary day
 Beside the cradle passed away,
 And anxious tears?—
 To see her dear ones tread the earth
 In life and health, and childish mirth.

What can a mother's heart repay
 For later care,—
 For words that heavenward point the way,
 For counsel against passion's sway,
 And earnest prayer?—
 To watch her little pilgrims press
 Along the road to holiness.

This will a mother's heart repay,
 If that loved band,
 Amidst life's doubtful battle-fray,
 By grace sustained, shall often say,
 "Next to God's hand,
 All of true happiness we know,
 Mother, to thy dear self we owe." REV. W. CALVERT.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts, and searches with his eye
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear—
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below ;
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere :
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That if it could would hurry past—
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground !
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen—that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came :
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed that way.

But here a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell ;—
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well :
The dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog, had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place !

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished there through that long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise ;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth Folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again.
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead ;
And when of scathe and loss,
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

SIGOURNEY.

THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast
Had veiled her top-sails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship! brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven
Like floating gossamer:
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas;
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn—
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away—
The rocks with pearl were sown;
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but, oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him, on the sea-weed, lay—
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wreathing grasp,

Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp !
 Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
 Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
 Like slumber, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye ;
 He had known little of her dread,
 Nought of her agony !

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart,
 Through all things vainly true,
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu !
 Surely thou hast another lot,
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
 The moaning of the sea !

HEMANS.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;—
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid—

The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

HEMANS.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade
A dying woman lay ;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry
"O mother, mother! do not die
 And leave us all alone."—
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death.
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
 And up she raised her head;
And peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
 "Will he not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
 All breathless with her speed;
And following close, a man came on,
(A portly man to look upon),
 Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek;
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
 The minister to seek.

They told me here—they told me there—
I think they mocked me everywhere;
 And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book, and come with me—
 Mother! he would not come.

I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
 Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But, oh!—my heart was fit to break—
 Mother! he would not stir.

So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
 To come again to you ;
And here—close by—this Squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret ;
 And when I told him true,

‘I will go with you, child,’ he said ;
‘God sends me to this dying bed.’
 Mother, he’s here, hard by.”—
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
 Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
 Pressed close his bonny bay ;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
 Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
 Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms ; and in his look
Something that, like a sermon book,
 Preached—“All is vanity.”

But when the dying woman’s face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
 He stepped to where she lay ;
And kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, “I am a minister—
 My sister, let us pray.”

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God’s words were printed on his soul)
 Into the dying ear
He breathed, as ’twere an angel’s strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
 And death’s dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed—regenerate ;
 Of God's most bless'd decree,
That not a single soul should die
Which turns repentant with the cry,
 " Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
 In patience, faith, and love—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
 Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebb'd away—
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray
 That peaceful it might pass ;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard as they knelt every one
 Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wond'ring eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
 Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
 Had wandered from their track.

Back each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
 In silence at his side ;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good
 That day for mortal pride :

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band ;
 And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
 Knelt their anointed King !

REV. G. CRABBE.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King ;"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long—
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

E. H. SEARS.

STAFFA.

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free ;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found ;
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise !
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend ;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,

That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 "Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Tasked high and hard—but witness mine."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,
 This dark and stormy water !"—
 "O ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle ;
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together ;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover ?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :

And, by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;

And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!”—

’Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;—
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant, with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

M. BRUCE.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

OH, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain !

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth !
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply ;
But if thy unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

And since this transient gleam of day
Is *all* the life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crowned ;

And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction works unseen—
Which man, like mice, may share—
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

A. L. BARBAULD.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put on him a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head ;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and, lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white ;
He said—" I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet :
Oh, mother, do not weep !"

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
 And there she saw him stand—
 Her infant, in his little shroud,
 A taper in his hand :

“ Lo ! mother, see, my shroud is dry,
 And I can sleep once more ! ”
 And beautiful the parting smile
 The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
 He laid his weary head ;
 And soon the early violets
 Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
 Again she knelt in prayer,
 And only asked of Heaven its aid
 Her heavy lot to bear.

L. E. LANDON.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS HOME.

A LOUD and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells!
 All hail with happy gladness to the well-known chant that
 swells !

We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight
 strain,
 And love the tidings that proclaim old Christmas back again.
 But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound—
 A rich key-note, whose echo runs through all the music
 round :

Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof and palace dome,
 For those alone are carol chimes that bless a Christmas home.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine, or nut
 brown foam,
And drink to kindly voices in an English Christmas home.

A bright and joyous welcome to the berries and the leaves
That hang about our household walls in dark and rustling
sheaves !

Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board,
And let the mistletoe look down while pledging draughts
are poured.

But there must be some hallowed bloom to garland with
the rest ;—

All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowers of the
breast.

For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof and
palace dome,

Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas
home.

Then fill once more, from Bounty's store, red wine, or nut-
brown foam,

And drink to honest hearts within an English Christmas
home.

ELIZA COOK.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child—
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear :

Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one—
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart .

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they *must* endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain :
Perchance unkindness made them so—
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When *elements* were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "*Peace!* be still."

Speak gently !—'tis a *little* thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;—
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

ANON.

A CHEAP BUT PRECIOUS TREASURE.

THERE's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear—
'Tis better than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight ;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield ;
It adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content ;
To sorrow whispers peace ;
A gift it is that Heaven has sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose ;
A flower for peer and peasant born,—
An everlasting rose !

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threatening storm begins ;
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
Its way in sweetness wins ;
As springs an arch across the tide
Where waves conflicting foam—
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home !

What may this wondrous spirit be—
This power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity ?—
GOOD TEMPER ! nothing more !
Good Temper ! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

C. SWAIN.

THE DYING CHILD.

“O MOTHER ! what brings music here ?
Now listen to the song,
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful,
The night winds bear along !”—

“My child, I only hear the wind,
As with a mournful sound
It wanders 'mid the old oak trees,
And strews their leaves around.”

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,
 His face more deadly fair ;
 And down dropped from his infant hand
 His book of infant prayer.

“ I know it now, my mother dear,—
 That song for me is given ;
 It is the angels’ choral hymn
 That welcomes me to heaven.”

L. E. LONDON.

THE MOTHER PRAYING.

SEE, in yon chamber’s dim recesses,
 A lady kneels with loosened tresses ;
 A lovely creature, lowly kneeling,
 With mournful eyes, and brow of feeling ;
 One hand before her meekly spreading,
 The other back her ringlets shedding,
 That aye come gushing down betwixt
 Her eyes and that on which they’re fixed.
 She shudders ! See ! Hear how she’s sighing !
 Can one so young, so fair, be dying ?
 Is she some favourite saint imploring ?
 Confessing shame, or God adoring ?
 Her lustrous, dark eyes, wild are straying ;
 She bows her head ;—lo, she is praying !
 See ! see ! before her, slumbering mild,
 A fair-haired and a faded child.
 He is her son ;—could any other
 Look with those rapt looks, save a mother ?
 That bosom, which seems nigh the bursting,
 Yon child was suckled, nestled, nursed in ;
 That heart,—to God outpoured and offered,—
 Death, for her son, hath three times suffered.
 Oh ! of all mortal pangs, there’s nought
 So dreadful as the death of thought !
 He wakes—he smiles—looks up—and there
He rises—God hath heard her prayer !

Whilst she, 'twixt sobbing, tears, and shrieking,
Clasps him with heart too big for speaking.
She holds him up to God. And now,
Proud, boastful man! what canst thou do?
In all thy miracles, there's nought
Like that a *mother's prayers* have wrought.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

"O FATHER, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered like stars by the light of the moon;
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the Sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes;
There, there are the dew-drops in glory reset,—
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet!
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven.

Alas for the father! how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child, the bright star of his day,
Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh, sad was the father! when, lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And then he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in heaven.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

THE brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around,
When, near the scene, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head,
And trembling in the breeze it hung !
The streamlet, as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed :—

“Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay ;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness.
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee ;
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye.”—

“Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,”
Replied the radiant drop of dew ;
“You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove.
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beams will draw me t'wards the sky ;
And I must own my little power—
I've but refreshed a humble flower.”—

“Hold !” cried the stream, “nor thus repine ;
For well 'tis known a power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art, (I that allow,)
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou—
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.”—

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all :
This thought may all repinings quell—
What serves His purpose serves Him well.

ANON.

ELLEN MORE.

"SWEET Ellen More," said I, "come forth
Beneath the sunny sky ;
Why stand you musing all alone,
With such an anxious eye
What is it, child, that aileth you ?"
And thus she made reply :—

"The fields are green, the skies are bright,
The leaves are on the tree,
And 'mong the sweet flowers of the thyme
Far flies the honey-bee ;
And the lark hath sung since morning prime,
And merrily singeth he :

Yet not for this shall I go forth
On the open hills to play ;
There's not a bird that singeth now
Could tempt me hence to stray ;
I would not leave our cottage door
For a thousand flowers to-day !"—

"And why ?" said I ; "what is there here,
Beside your cottage door,
To make a merry girl like you
Thus idly stand to pore ?
There is a mystery in this thing—
Now tell me, Ellen More !"

The fair girl looked into my face
With her dark and serious eye ;
Silently a while she looked,
Then heaved a quiet sigh ;

And, with a half-reluctant will,
Again she made reply :—

“ Three years ago, unknown to us,
When nuts were on the tree,
Even in the pleasant harvest-time,
My brother went to sea—
Unknown to us to sea he went,
And a woful house were we.

That winter was a weary time,
A long dark time of woe ;
For we knew not in what ship he sailed,
And vainly sought to know ;
And day and night the loud, wild winds,
Seemed evermore to blow.

My mother lay upon her bed,
Her spirit sorely tossed
With dismal thoughts of storm and wreck
Upon some savage coast ;
But morn and eve we prayed to Heaven
That he might not be lost.

And when the pleasant spring came on,
And fields again were green,
He sent a letter full of news
Of the wonders he had seen ;
Praying us to think him dutiful,
As he afore had been.

The tidings that came next were from
A sailor old and gray,
Who saw his ship at anchor lie
In the harbour at Bombay ;
But he said my brother pined for home,
And wished he were away.

Again he wrote a letter long,
Without a word of gloom ;

And soon, and very soon, he said,
He should again come home :
I watched, as now, beside the door,
And yet he did not come.

I watched and watched, but I knew not then
It would be all in vain ;
For very sick he lay the while,
In a hospital in Spain.
Ah, me ! I fear my brother dear
Will not come home again.

And now I watch, for we have heard
That he is on his way ;
And the letter said, in very truth,
He would be here to-day.
Oh ! there's no bird that singeth now
Could tempt me hence away !"—

That self-same eve I wandered down
Unto the busy strand,
Just as a little boat came in
With people to the land ;
And 'mongst them was a sailor boy,
Who leaped upon the sand.

I knew him by his dark-blue eyes,
And by his features fair ;
And as he leaped ashore, he sang
A simple Scottish air—
"There's nae place like our ain dear hame
To be met wi' onywhere !"

MARY HOWITT.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

" Try not the Pass ! " the old man said ;
" Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! "
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

" O stay," the maiden said, " and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! "
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior !

" Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! "
This was the peasant's last Good-night ;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

LOSGO FELLOW.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
 The roses red and white;
 The violets and the lily cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day—
 The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing;
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing:
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees, dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

T. Hood.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LONGFELLOW.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford :
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds ! that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER upon life's sea, to yourself be true,
 And where'er your lot may be, "*Paddle your own canoe.*"
 Never, though the winds may rave, falter nor look back;
 But upon the darkest wave leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, stem the hardest gale;
 Brave of heart and strong of arm, you will never fail.
 When the world is cold and dark, keep an aim in view;
 And toward the beacon-mark "*Paddle your own canoe.*"

Every wave that bears you on to the silent shore,
 From its sunny source has gone, to return no more:
 Then let not an hour's delay cheat you of your due;
 But, while it is called to-day, "*Paddle your own canoe.*"

If your birth denied you wealth, lofty state and power,
 Honest fame and hardy health are a better dower:
 But, if these will not suffice, golden gain pursue;
 And to gain the glittering prize, "*Paddle your own canoe.*"

Would you wrest the wreath of fame from the hand of fate?
 Would you write a deathless name with the good and great?
 Would you bless your fellow-men? Heart and soul imbue
 With the holy task, and then "*Paddle your own canoe.*"

Would you crush the tyrant wrong, in the world's free fight?
 With a spirit brave and strong, battle for the right:
 And to break the chains that bind the many to the few—
 To enfranchise slavish mind—" *Paddle your own canoe.*"

Nothing great is lightly won, nothing won is lost ;
 Every good deed, nobly done, will repay the cost :
 Leave to Heaven, in humble trust, all you will to do ;
 But, if you succeed, you must " PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE !"
ANON.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singer's joy !
 And Scotland has a thief as good,
 An outlaw of as daring mood ;
 She has her brave Rob Roy !
 Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
 And let us chant a passing stave
 In honour of that hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
 And wondrous length and strength of arm ;
 Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
 Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
 Forgive me if the phrase be strong—
 A poet worthy of Rob Roy
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave—
 As wise in thought as bold in deed ;
 For in the principles of things
 He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob,—“ What need of books ?
 Burn all the statutes and their shelves :
 They stir us up against our kind ;
 And worse—against ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law,
 Too false to guide us or control !
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few ;
These find I graven on my heart—
 That tells me what to do.

The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they live
 In peace, and peace of mind.

For why ? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

A lesson which is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
 To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked ;
He tamed who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
 Each fashions his desires.

All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit ;
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
 And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
 I'll take the shortest way."—

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow ;
The eagle, he was lord above,
 And Rob was lord below.

Yet thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan !
Hadst this to boast of—thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SWORD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and the dying ;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief ; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking ;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it :
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him ;

And he honoured the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he bent o'er him.

“A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;—
Before I would take that sword from thy hand,
My own life's-blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to fatten o'er thee;
Nor the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee!”

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

L. E. LONDON.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

For Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played;—
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed:
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive, forlorn,
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne;—
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider down!

Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed ;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot—
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times the gossamery thread
The wary spider threw ;—
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still ;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last !—
The hero hailed the sign !—
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender silken line !
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen ; for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even " he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY.

HEART! that didst press forward still *
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart!—and liest thou *here*?

May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that could so beat and burn?
Heart! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last;
Silent—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard;

Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through flowers or fretted stone;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long dark grass hath bound thee;
—Sleepst thou as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley deep?

No, brave heart! though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own!
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude?
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free;
Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
With a mute though stately tread;
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night;
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

* "Now pass thou forward, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" With these words Douglas threw from him the heart of Bruce into mid-battle against the Moors of Spain.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
 Armed to follow thee, or die ?—
 Now, true heart ! as thou wert wont,
 Pass thou to the peril's front !
 Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
 And the battle's red wine streaming,
 Till the Paynim quail before thee,
 Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee.

Dreams—the falling of a leaf
 Wins me from their splendours brief ;
 Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them not,
 Thou that seek'st the holy spot ;
 Nor, amidst its lone domain,
 Call the faith in relics vain !

HEMANS.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE'S FAREWELL.

OUR native land—our native vale—
 A long, and last adieu !
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renowned in song !
 Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
 Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes
 Where thyme and harebells grow !
 Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes
 O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The battle mound—the Border tower,
 That Scotia's annals tell—
 The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
 To each, to all—farewell.

Home of our hearts !—our fathers' home !—
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main ;—
We leave thee, to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires !

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, and last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue !

PRINGLE.

THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum hanging on the wall ;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth, on Cheviot's hills, watched the sheep
whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its
din.

Oh, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure
spread ;
And pleasant 'tis among its heath to make your summer
bed ;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to its
vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
And thus hath felt the shepherd-boy whilst tending of his
fold ;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like
Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day ; but change with time will
come,

And he—(alas for him the day!) he heard the little drum !
“ Follow,” said the drummer-boy, “ would you live in story !
For he who strikes a foeman down, wins a wreath of glory !”
“ Rub-a-dub !” and “ rub-a-dub !” the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock o’er Cheviot wildly stray !

On Egypt’s arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying ;
Around him many a parching tongue for “ Water !” faintly
crying :

Oh, that he were on Cheviot’s hills, with velvet verdure
spread,

Or lying mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed !
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot’s mountain
gales !

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—till wakened by the drum !

“ Take arms ! take arms !” his leader cries ; “ the hated foe-
man’s nigh !”

Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall
to die.

The shepherd’s blood makes red the sand : “ Oh, water !—
give me some !

“ My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that little
drum !”

’Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his
way,

And many a one, by “ glory ” lured, did curse the drum that
day.

“ Rub-a-dub !” and “ rub-a-dub !” the drummer beat aloud—
The shepherd died ! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his
shroud.

And this is “ glory ? ” —Yes ; and still will man the tempter
follow,

Nor learn that Glory, like its Drum, is but a sound—and
hollow !

DOUGLAS JERROLD’S *Magazine*.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest;
 —In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
 And Lydia's gently-opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet;
 —Fairest and best adorned is she
 Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends;
 The weight of glory bows him down,
 Then most when most his soul ascends;
 —Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WINTER AND SPRING.

"ADIEU! adieu!" Father Winter said
 To the world, when about to quit it;
 With his old white wig half off his head,
 As if never made to fit it.
 "Adieu! I'm off to the rocks and caves,
 To leave all here behind me;
 Or, perhaps, I'll sink in the northern waves,
 So deep that none can find me."

 "Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks!"
 Said the gay young Spring, advancing;
 "Go take your nap 'mid the caves and rocks,
 While I o'er the earth am dancing.

There's not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard old clumsy fellow !
Not a hill nor a vale nor a single sod,
But what I shall have to mellow.

And I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
The fountains you lock up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,
Will sparkle in my dazzling light,
And the brooks will set to running.

The boughs you've caked all o'er with ice—
'Tis chilling to behold them ;
I'll stick them round with buds so nice—
My breath alone can unfold them.
And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,
The bird with her songs so merry
Will come on its limb to build her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.

The earth and air by their joyfulness
Shall show the good I'm doing ;
And the skies beam down with smiles, to bless
The course that I'm pursuing."—
Said Winter then, "I would have you learn
By me, my gay new comer !
To push off, too, when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to Summer."

H. F. GOULD.

THE WEAVER.

CEASELESSLY the weaver, Time,
Sitting at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying,
Every thread a-nears our dying ;

And, with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal,
As he weaves our web of doom.

"Mortals!"—thus he, weaving, sings—
"Bright or dark the web shall be,
As ye will it ; all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues,
Or discordant colourings :
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny.

God bestowed the shining warp—
Fill it with as bright a woof ;
And the whole shall glow divinely,
As if wrought by angels finely,
To the music of the harp ;
And the blended colours be
Like perfected harmony,
Keeping evil things aloof.

Envy, malice, pride, and hate—
Foulest progeny of sin—
Let not these the web entangle,
With their blind and furious wrangle,
Marring your diviner fate ;
But with love and deeds of good
Be the web throughout endued,
And the perfect ye shall win."

Thus he singeth very low,
Sitting at his mystic loom ;
And his shuttle still is flying—
Thread by thread a-nears our dying,
Grows our shroud by every throw ;
And the hues of woe or heaven
To each thread by us are given,
As he weaves our web of doom.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"TELL me, O mother ! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door ?
Shall I look as sad, shall I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe ?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim ?
Tell me, O mother, shall I grow like him ?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest ;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played ;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale !

He spoke of a home, where in childhood's glee
He chased from the wild-flowers the singing bee ;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight ;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the
beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams :
Yet he left all these, through the world to roam !
Why, O mother ! did he leave his home ?"—

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child !
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled ;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away !
There's a land, of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek ;
But in joy they live, fair child, like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be !

For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day ;—
He knew that they; with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One !

Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want, with his pale train, never may come,
Oh, scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest !
For He who hath made the poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild :
Oh, soften the griefs of the poor, my child ! ”
W. P. BROWN.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS ! joyous birds of the wandering wing
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?—
“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie with the deserts around !
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome.”—

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?—
“ We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,

And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built !”—

Oh, joyous birds ! it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep ;
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?—

“ A change we have found there—and many a change !
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange !
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made !”—

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
YE have a Guide, and shall we despair ?
YE over desert and deep have passed,—
So may we reach our bright home at last !

HEMANS.

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall ;
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all—
A bearer of hope unto land and sea ;
Sunbeam ! what gift has the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles !
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array :
 Thou brokest forth, and the mists became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame !

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot,
 Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;
 But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
 And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not, from thy pomp, to shed
 A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church-aisle thy way,
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day ;
 And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,—
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of Summer ! oh, what is like thee ?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !
 One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
 The Faith, touching all things with hues of heaven.

HEMANS.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer ?—
 With the first beams that light the morning sky,
 Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
 Lift up thy thoughts on high ;
 Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care :—
 Morn is the time for prayer !

And in the noontide hour,
 If worn by toil or by sad cares oppressed,
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour
 And He will give thee rest :
 Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air :—
 Noon is the time for prayer !

When the bright sun hath set,—
 Whilst yet eve's glowing colours deck the skies,—
 When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met,
 Then let thy prayer arise
 For those who in thy joys and sorrows share :—
 Eve is the time for prayer !

And when the stars come forth,—
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
 To pure bright dreams of heaven,—
 Kneel to thy God, ask strength life's ills to bear :—
 Night is the time for prayer !

When is the time for prayer ?—
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee—
 In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
 At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer !

ANON.

BE KIND.

Be kind to the old man, while strong in thy youth—
 Be kind, not in seeming alone, but in truth ;
 He once was as young and as hopeful as thou,
 With a bosom as light, as unwrinkled a brow !

Be kind to the poor man, and give of thy bread,
 With shelter and pillow to comfort his head ;
 His lot and thine own may be one ere he dieth,
 Or neighbour to thine the low grave where he lieth !

Be kind to the crooked, the lame, and the blind ;
 What's lacked in the body they feel in the mind ;
 And while virtue through trial and pain cometh forth,
 In the mind, not the body, is man's truest worth.

Be kind to the fallen who lives but to mourn ;
 Be kind to the outcast who seeks to return ;
 Be kind to the hardened who never hath prayed ;
 Be kind to the timid who still is afraid !

The injured, who down by oppression is borne ;
 The slighted who withers, the victim of scorn ;
 The flattered who topples aloft but to fall ;
 The wronger and wronged—oh, be kindly to all !

For vast is the world of the generous mind,
 And narrow the sphere to the selfish assigned ;
 And clear is the path of the warm and the true—
 Of the haughty and vain, how delusive the view !

Then unto the old show respect while thou mayest—
 The poor, while to Him who gives all things thou prayest,—
 The weak or the lost, 'neath the load of his sorrow—
 And thine own cup of joy shall o'erflow ere the morrow !

ANON.

THE BENDED BOW.

THERE was heard the sound of the coming foe,
 THERE was sent through Britain a bended bow,
 And a voice was poured on the free winds far,
 As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“ Heard ye not the battle horn ?
 Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
 Leave it for the birds of heaven,—
 Swords must flash and shields be riven !
 Leave it for the winds to shed—
 Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red ! ”

And the reaper armed like a foeman's son,—
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase,
 Take the falchion from its place
 Let the wolf go free to-day,
 Leave him for a nobler prey!
 Let the deer ungalled sweep by—
 Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"
 And the hunter armed ere his chase was done,
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast,
 Stay not till the song hath ceased!
 Though the mead be foaming bright,
 Though the fires give ruddy light,
 Leave the hearth and leave the hall—
 Arm thee! Britain's foe must fall."
 And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown,
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told
 In the bower, and in the hold!
 Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
 Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
 Foes are on thy native sea—
 Give our bards a tale of thee!"
 And the prince came armed like a leader's son,
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
 He must learn the battle's joy;
 Sister! bring the sword and spear,
 Give thy brother words of cheer;
 Maiden! bid thy lover part,
 Britain calls the strong in heart!"
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.
 And the bards made song for a battle won!

HEMANS.

1

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake ;
 "But bear in mind that the choice I make
 Is not on the dew in the flowers to awake,
 Or the mist that shall pass with the morning :
 For things of thyself, they expire with thee ;
 But those that are lent from on high, like me,
 They rise and will live, from thy dust set free,
 To the regions above returning.

And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
 Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
 Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,

And return to my native heaven :
 For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
 From time to time in thy sight to glow ;
 So thou mayest remember the Flake of Snow,
 By the promise that God hath given."

H. F. GOULD.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs :
 "Time is the warp of life," he said ; "oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed—
 "Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
 Of ruthless Death life's "golden bowl" had broke ;
 I asked him What is Time ? "Time !" he replied,
 "I've lost it !—oh, the treasure !"—and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years :
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"—
 And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
And they replied (no oracle more wise):
" 'Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked a spirit lost—but, oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak :
It cried, " A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite."

Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply :
" Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
" Thine is the present hour ; the past is fled :
Live, live to-day ; to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land :
" By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er !
Time was," he cried, " but *Time* SHALL BE *no more*."

MARSDEN.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

" AND wherefore do the Poor complain ?"
The Rich man asked of me ;—
" Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold ;

And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded man,
His locks were few and white ;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold ;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest ;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill ;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still ;—

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the Rich man, then,
For silently stood he—
“You asked me why the Poor complain,
And these have answered thee!”

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

THERE's not a scene beneath God's dome
Where Wealth can stand and say,
"Here Poverty shall never come,
While I preserve my sway."

There's not a place where Rest can say,
"I'll not have Labour here ;"
For Rest itself would pine away
If Labour were not near.

Extremes will meet, and friend or foe
Unto each other prove ;
But why not make a heaven below,
By binding both with love ?

And much there is that runs to waste,
In palace and in hall,
Would build for comfort, and with taste,
The labourer's cottage small ;—

Would make him turn his mind about,
And with new hopes begin
To love his garden neat without,
His store of books within ;—

To make him feel himself A MAN,
With heart more pure and warm,
When once he knew the better plan
To which he might conform !

"The poor are always with you," said
Our Lord, when he was poor,
And had not where to lay his head
From storm or heat secure ;

"And inasmuch as unto them
Ye do the best ye may,
Ye do it unto me, and I
Will own it in THAT DAY !"

DR. S. T. HALL.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the morn was shining clear!

J. T. FIELDS.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;

And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
 And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
 "Oh, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
 We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!
 Already in fancy its roof I descry,
 And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
 Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
 And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

Hark! hark!—what was that? Hark! hark to the shout!—
 "Fire! fire!"—then a tramp and a rush and a rout;
 And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
 And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
 That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"
 She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;—
 Oh! there was her refuge whatever betide!

Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
 And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
 The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
 And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
 The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher!—
 O God, it is fearful to perish by fire!
 Alone with destruction!—alone on the sea!
 Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in thee!

They prayed for the light, and at noontide about
 The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
 "A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
 "A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
 "They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
 They bear down upon us!—thank God! we are saved!"

C. MACKAY.

THE CONTENTED AND VIRTUOUS WOODCUTTER.

'Good-morrow!' the youth to the woodcutter cried,
 "Father Peter, so frank and so free."
 With a smile of good-nature, the old man replied,
 "Master Francis, good-morrow to thee!"

'Tis a good thing to rise with the lark, Master Frank,
When the fresh morning breezes abound ;
Ere the sun rises high in the clear blue sky,
And the flow'rets are springing around."

"You're a happy old man, Father Peter, and yet
I hardly know why you are so ;
For your cheerfulness almost would make one forget
That your head is as white as the snow.
The cares and afflictions which others oppress,
Appear to disturb you—no never !
Though your path all around may with shadows abound,
Your heart seems as cheerful as ever."

"Master Francis, whate'er be thy joys in the world,
Whate'er be the griefs that arise,
When the darts of distress and affliction are hurled,
Look above, for a Friend in the skies.
Then the grace of thy God shall establish thy heart,
And support thee in glare and in gloom ;
And when winter is spread o'er thy time-furrowed head,
The spring in thy bosom shall bloom."

"Father Peter, your body resembles the oak,
Decked with leaves, though its trunk may decline ;
There is health in your features, and strength in your stroke,
And your cheek is more ruddy than mine.
There is something still better than health in your face,
But I never observed it till now ;
You are aged and poor, and must troubles endure,
And yet there is hope on your brow."

"And what in this world should he fear, Master Frank,
Who believes there's a better in store—
That the dawn of a glorious day will appear
When the shadows of midnight are o'er ?
While thou sett'st thy young heart on the things of this
world,
Distraction and care will be given ;
But thy sorrow would cease, and thy soul rest in peace,
If thy treasure and heart were in heaven."

“How many that live in the prime of their day,
 Despond when their prospects are fair;
 And hang down their heads, as they walk on their way,
 In darkness, and doubt, and despair!
 Father Peter, your footsteps are near to the grave,
 In a very few years you must die,
 And still on your tongue words of comfort are hung,
 And hope brightly beams in your eye.”

“While our minds are fast bound by an earthly control,
 The world must in trouble be trod;
 But a hope bright as daylight shall dwell in his soul
 Who depends on his Saviour and God.
 Master Frank, though the floods were fierce raging abroad,
 Though the world were encircled with fire,
 He would still be at rest, with a peace in his breast,
 And a hope that shall never expire.

Master Francis, a thousand enjoyments are near,
 And ten thousand temptations attend;
 But believing in Christ you have nothing to fear,
 For he died to redeem, and still lives to defend.
 If thou make him thy hope, and thy trust, and thy all,
 In preparing for life's swift decline;
 If thou cling to his truth in the days of thy youth,
 Thy age shall be happy as mine.”

ANON.

REPORT ON AN ADJUDGED CASE.

、BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose—
 The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear ;
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
 "Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the nose is ; in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again : would your lordship a moment suppose—
 ("Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a nose ;
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut !

COWPER.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd ;
 For geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow—
 For dog and horse, he'd beat them hollow ;
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren half a length !

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation :
 " O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
 When I defy thee to a race.
 Come, 'tis a match—nay, no denial ;
 I lay my shell upon the trial !"
 'Twas " done," and done all fair, a " bet,"
 Judges prepared, and distance set.
 The scampering hare outstripped the wind ;
 The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
 And scarce had passed a single pole
 When puss had almost reached the goal.
 " Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
 " Your burden's more than you can bear ;
 To help your speed it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell :
 Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee ;
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere ;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss unknowing soundly slept.
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke :
 " Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts.
 You may deride my awkward pace,
 But slow and steady wins the race.

LLOYD.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
 And chanted their holiest hymn ;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim !
 And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,

Went out into the wilderness,
The wolf and bear to kill ;
To scatter the red deer, and slay
The panther in his lair,
And chase the rapid moose that ranged
The sunless forests there.

And soon his hounds lay dead with toil,
The deer were fierce and fleet,
And the prairie tigers kept aloof
When they heard his hostile feet :
No bread was in that desert place,
Nor crystal rivulet,
To slake the torment of his thirst,
Or his hot brow to wet.

He feared—he feared to die—yet knew
That nought on earth could save ;
For none might catch his parting breath,
And lay him in his grave.
But, lo ! while life's dim taper still
Burned feebly in his breast,
A ministering angel came—
His hated Indian guest !

He shared his wheaten loaf with him,
His cup of water shared,
And bore the sick man unto those
For whom his heart most cared.
“ I cursed thee not,” the Indian said,
“ When thou wast stern to me,
And I have had my vengeance now ;—
White man ! farewell to thee !”

M'LELLAN.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound ;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum

Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden-down Tyrol!

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
Death was for traitor slaves to fear!
He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle-song,
The Sandwirth of Tyrol.

Anon he passed the fortress wall,
And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
"Farewell!" he cried. "Soon may you win
Your liberty! God shield you all!
Lament not me! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke—
Your land and mine, Tyrol!"

So through the files of musketeers
Undauntedly he passed,
And stood within the hollow square.
Well might he glance around him there,
And proudly think on by-gone years!
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyrol!

They bade him kneel; but he with all
A patriot's truth replied:
"I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die;
As oft I fought so let me fall!
Farewell"—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
"My Kaiser and Tyrol!"

No more emotion he betrayed.
 Again he bade farewell
 To Francis and the faithful men
 Who girt his throne. His hands were then
 Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed :—
 “ God of the Free, receive my soul !
 And you, slaves, Fire ! ” So bravely fell
 Thy foremost man, Tyrol !
Dublin University Magazine.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
 fiery eye ;
 Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed,—
 I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed !
 Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy
 wind ;
 The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind :
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his
 gold ;
 Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell ! thou'rt sold, my steed
 —thou'rt sold !
 Farewell ! those free untired limbs full many a mile must
 roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's
 home ;
 Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread
 prepare ;
 The silky mane I braided once must be another's care !
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were
 wont to be :
 Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me hom-
again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun
and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one must fly :
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become
less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to
meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy
speed,
Then must I starting wake, to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed.

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side ;
And the rich blood that is in thee swells in thy indignant
pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count each started
vein.
Will they ill-use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle, yet so free :
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should
yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee
to return ?

Return ! alas, my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his
view ?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the
gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears ?
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne
me on ;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,
“ It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink ! ”

When last I saw thee drink!—away! the fevered dream is
o'er;
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no
more.
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed!—I fling them back
their gold!
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

HEN. MRS. NORTON.

THE LIFE-BOAT

MAN the life-boat! man the life-boat!—
Hearts of oak, your succour lend;
See the shattered vessel stagger—
Quick! O quick! assistance send.

See the ark of refuge launching;
See her hardy crew prepare
For the dangerous work of mercy—
Gallant British hearts are there!

Now the fragile bark is hanging
O'er the billow's feathery height;
Now 'midst fearful depths descending,
While we sicken at the sight.

Courage! courage! she's in safety!
See again her buoyant form,
By His gracious hand uplifted
Who controls the raging storm.

With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;

Parents, brethren, friends embracing
Those they thought to see no more.

Blessings on the dauntless spirits,
Dangers thus who nobly brave ;
Ready life and limb to venture,
So they may a brother save.

Christian ! pause, and deeply ponder :
Is there nothing you can do ?
The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
Have they not a voice for you ?

Here's a storm, a fearful tempest,
Souls are sinking in despair ;
There's a shore of blessed refuge—
Try, O try and guide them there !

O remember Him who saved you,
Whose right hand deliverance wrought :
Who from depths of guilt and anguish
You to peace and safety brought.

'Tis His voice now cheers you onward,—
“ He that winneth souls is wise ! ”
Launch the gospel's blessed life-boat,—
Venture all to win the prize.

C. H. PURDAY.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

A fox and a cat, as they travelled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way :
“ 'Tis great,” says the fox, “ to make justice our guide ! ”
“ How god-like is mercy ! ” Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat ;
When mutton's at hand," says the wolf, "I must eat."
Grimalkin's astonished !—the fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch !" says the cat—" 'tis the vilest of brutes ;
Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage and roots ?"
Cries the fox, "While our oaks give us acorns so good,
What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood !"

Well, onward they marched, and they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by a mill.
Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize !
A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey !

A spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall :
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I !"
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly !

J. CUNNINGHAM.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,
And sickened on the waters, day by day.
He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile ;
He prattled less in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave.
Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew ;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue ;
Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, came he to my side.
He was my all on earth. Oh ! who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees Death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so ?

Ah ! many a sad and sleepless night I passed
O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Drooped wan Dejection, like a fading flower !
At length my boy seemed better, and I slept—
Oh, soundly !—but methought my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma ; and, in accents low,
Said, “ Ah ! why do I weep, and weep in vain
For one so loved, so lost ? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close ! Even now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe—
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again ! ”
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she crossed,
And bending kissed me with her lip of frost.
I waked ; and at my side—oh ! still and cold !—
Oh ! what a tale that dreadful chillness told !
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild ;—
Alas ! and had I lived to dread my child ?
Eager I snatched him from his swinging bed ;
His limbs were stiff—he moved not—he was dead !
Oh ! let me weep !—what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep ?

No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, drooped, on his breast displayed,
Nor half-blown daisy in his little hand :—
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
Enamoured death, with sweetly pensive grace,
Was awful beauty to his silent face.
No more his sad eye looked me into tears !
Closed was that eye beneath his pale cold brow ;
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seemed half unclosed to speak,
Loitered a smile, like moonlight on the snow.
I gazed upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair !
But, as I gazed, a little lock of hair,
Stirred by the breeze, played, trembling on his cheek ;—
O God ! my heart !—I thought life still was there.
But, to commit him to the watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave,

One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,
 Upraised the body. Thrice I bade him stay ;
 For still my wordless woe had much to say,
 And still I bent and gazed, and gazing wept.
 At last my sisters, with humane constraint,
 Held me, and I was calm as dying saint ;
 While that stern weeper lowered into the sea
 My ill-starred boy ! Deep—buried deep, he slept !
 And then I looked to heaven in agony,
 And prayed to end my pilgrimage of pain,
 That I might meet my beauteous boy again !
 Oh, had he lived to reach this wretched land,
 And then expired, I would have bless'd the strand !
 But where my poor boy lies I may not lie ;
 I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh
 O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf—
 His pillow hath no cover but the surf ;
 I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
 Near his cold bed : he slumbers in the wave !—
 Oh ! I will *love* the sea, because it is his grave !

ANON.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;

And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out :
For many a thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."—

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes :
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out :
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by.
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled ;
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies there
 Lay rotting in the sun :
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."—
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.—
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory ;

And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who such a fight did win."—
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.—
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

SOUTHEY.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

NAPOLEON's banners at Boulogne
 Armed in our island every freeman ;
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half way over,
 With envy they could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,

If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder !

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger :—

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned !
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”—

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."—

"And so thou shalt !" Napoleon said ;
"Ye've both my favour fairly won :
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."—

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonapartè.

CAMPBELL.

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine ;
Race after race their honours yield,—
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms ;
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale ;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale ;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair ;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unnumbered rise :
The Rose has but a summer reign—
The Daisy never dies.

MINNICK

THE ROSE.

THE ROSE had been vainer, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Jane brought
The plentiful moisture encircled the flower
And against her breast he lay in his power.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed in a beautiful way
To weep for the pain it had felt when it lay
On the flowering bush where it grew.

Then I can feel life's troubled road
 Has not been passed in vain ;
 And, calmly trusting in my God,
 Yield back my breath again.

ANON.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter time),
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime ;
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air ?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burden, sir—a little singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
 In Denmark he was cast away ;
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

The bird and cage they both were his :
 'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
 He kept it : many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him :
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
 And now, God help me for my little wit !
 I bear it with me, sir ;—he took so much delight in it."

WORDSWORTH.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

GENTLY, dear mother ; here
 The bridge is broken near thee, and below
 The waters with a rapid current flow—
 Gently, and do not fear ;
 Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee.
 For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves as we pass
 Lay their light fingers on thee unaware ;
 And by thy side the hazel clusters fair ;
 And the low forest grass
 Grows green and lovely, where the wood-paths wind—
 Alas for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;
 And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
 Like folded curtains, from the day are drawn ;
 And evening's dewy light
 Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
 Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

And the kind looks of friends
 Peruse the sad expression in thy face ;
 And the child stops amid his bounding race,
 And the tall stripling bends
 Low to thine ear with duty unforget—
 Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear, and love
 May richly on a human tongue be poured ;

And the slight cadence of a whispered word
 A daughter's love may prove ;
 And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
 Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes, thou canst hear ; and He
 Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
 To the attentive ear like harps hath strung
 Heaven, and earth, and sea !
 And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
 With but one sense the soul may overflow !

N. P. WILLIS.

ENGLAND'S OAK.

LET India boast its spicy trees,
 Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
 Give to each faint and languid breeze
 Its rich and rare perfume :
 Let Portugal and haughty Spain
 Display their orange groves ;
 And France exult her vines to train
 Around her trim alcoves :

Old England has a tree as strong,
 As stately as them all,
 As worthy of a minstrel's song
 In cottage and in hall.
 'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
 Its greenness to the grave ;
 Nor willow, though it fondly bends
 Its branches o'er the wave ;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
 Be beautifully fair,—
 As graceful in its loveliness
 As maiden's flowing hair.
 'Tis not the poplar, though its height
 May from afar be seen ;
 Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
 With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me ;
My favourite and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be !
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound ;
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round,
O'er man and beast below ;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath ;
But having opened, plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear ;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm ;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above,
Of gospel truths sublime ;—

Oh ! then, triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems in Heaven's approving sight
A second glorious Ark.

On earth the forest's honoured king !
Man's castle on the sea !
Who will, another tree may sing—
Old England's Oak for me !

BERNARD BARTON.

VESPERS.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;—
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young:
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest, thou art weary and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOR a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave of the hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
And we far away on the billow ! [head,

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

WOLFE.

CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way ;—
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
This tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their hinder parts, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,

That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here ;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."—
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."—
" O cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
" And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."—

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

" Show me," saith he, " whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."—

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said, " We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."—
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

" Ere thus will I out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die !
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity 'twere
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."—
" Accurst be he," Early Percy said,
" By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, " I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls," said Witherington,
" And I a squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."—

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;

At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good ;
As valiant captain all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O sad ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might :
Like lions wild, they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;

Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king !

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."—

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born !"

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spake more words than these :
"Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end—
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O sad ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renownèd knight
Mischance could never take."—

A knight among the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread and fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more !

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree :
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet !

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rang the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is sore
That ever he slain should be ;
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee !

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away ;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh, heavy news!" King James did say :
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."—

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Since it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revengèd on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."—

This vow full well the king performed,
After, at Humbledown :
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die :
Thus ending the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land,
In plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Old Ballad.

A TALE.

[This tale is founded on an article which appeared in the *Buckinghamshire Herald* for Saturday, June 1, 1798 :—"Glasgow, May 23. In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it but when she descends to the hull for food."]

IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few
Nor even shrubs abound ;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found ;

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late—
This history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
With genial instinct filled ;
They paired, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered and the moors,
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vexed and tired ;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship !—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest ;
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush—silent hearers profit most ;
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast—
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree ! 'Twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel,
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft
Their roofless home they fixed,
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind ;
But goes the male ? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind.

No ;—soon as from ashore he saw
The wingèd mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then, perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheered her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
His feathered shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines ;
And may his hopes be true !

Hail, honoured land ! a desert where
Not even birds can hide,

Yet parent of this loving pair,
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with man ;

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and woe ;

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,—
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love !

COWPER.

THE STORMY-PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy clouds on the stormy blast.

The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown ;
And 'midst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy-petrel finds a home ;—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair

To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once on the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !
Where the whale and the shark and the swordfish
 sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard.
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet *he* never falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

PROCTER.

LAND BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the land ! what dost thou here,
Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,
With nought but frowning skies above,
And wild, unfathomed seas around ?

Amid the shrouds, with panting breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand ;
While pleased the hardy sailor climbs,
To clasp thee in his roughened hand.

Say, didst thou follow, league on league,
O'er pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a fleeting speck it seemed
On the broad bosom of the tide ?

What news from native land and home,
Light carrier o'er the threatening tide ;
Hast thou no folded scroll of love,
Pressed closely to thy panting side ?

A bird of genius art thou ? say !
With impulse high thy spirit stirred,

Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd ?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark,
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find ?

Whate'er thou art, how sad thy fate,
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feeblely to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die !

For thee thy widowed mate shall gaze
From leafy chamber curtained fair ;
And wailing lays, at evening's close,
Lament thy loss in deep despair.

E'en thus o'er life's unresting tide,
Chilled by the billows' beating spray,
Some adventitious prize to gain,
Ambition's votaries urge their way !

Some eyrie on the Alpine cliff,
Some proud Mont Blanc they fain would climb ;
Snatch wreaths of laurel steeped in gore,
Or win from Fame a strain sublime.

They lose of home the heartfelt joys,
The charm of seasons as they roll,
And stake, amid their blinding course,
The priceless birthright of the soul.

Years fleet, and still they struggle on,
Their dim eye rolls with fading fire ;
Perchance the long-sought treasure grasp,
And in the victory expire.

SIGOURNEY.

WILLIAM TELL.

COME, list to me, and you shall hear
A tale of what befell
A famous man of Switzerland—
His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,
His little flock he led ;
By prudent thrift, and hardy toil,
Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;
In Uri none was seen
To track the rock-frequenting herd
With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home,
A laughing fair-haired boy ;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends,
The lambs he called by name ;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow ;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour ;
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes,
Alas ! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;

The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent, in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man of savage mood—
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high :—
" Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran ;
" Who disobeys shall die !"

It chanced that William Tell that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come.

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew,
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

So towards the chamois' haunts they went,—
One sang his childish songs,
The other brooded mournfully
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown,—
And heralds shouted in his ear,
" Bow down, ye slaves, bow down !"

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,
And watched to see him fall ;

But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than Tell before them all.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
"To God, and God alone :
My life is in the Austrian's hand,
My conscience is my own.

"Seize him, ye guards !" the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath ;
"He mocks my power, he braves my lord,—
He dies the traitor's death.

Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true,—
So all the world doth say ;
That fair-haired stripling hither bring,
We'll try their skill to-day."—

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
To this the youth was bound ;
They placed an apple on his head ;—
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
Cried Tell, in accents wild ;
"On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child !"—

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"
Said Gesler, tauntingly ;
"If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take ;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake."—

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd ;
The men they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His cross-bow in his hand,
With lip compressed, and flashing eye,
Tell firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded earth has been ;
But never since the curse began,
So sad a sight was seen.

The noble boy stood bravely up,
His cheek unblanched with fear :
"Shoot straight," he cried ; "thine aim is sure,
It will not fail thee here."—

"Heaven bless thee now," the parent said,
"Thy courage shames me quite ;"
Then to his ear the shaft he drew,
And watched its whizzing flight.

"'Tis done! 'tis done!—the child is safe!"
Shouted the multitude ;
"Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever good."

For, sure enough, the arrow went
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided !

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep ;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
Go home and feed your sheep."—

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said :
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near :
Had I but missed my aim,
Not unavenged my child had died,—
Thy parting hour the same !

For, see ! a *second* shaft was here,
If harm my boy befell :
Now go and bless the heavenly powers
My *first* has sped so well."—

God helped the right, God spared the sin ;
He brings the proud to shame ;
He guards the weak against the strong,—
Praise to his holy name !

REV. J. H. GURNEY.

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW STORM.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild ;
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child :
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow :
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone :
"O God !" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child !"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.

With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passèd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil ;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale :
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled !

SEBA SMITH.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up ! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair !
Fling off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up ! or the burden may sink you ;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up !

Never give up ! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on.
Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up !

Never give up ! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst :
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing the worst.
Never give up ! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchward of Never give up !

TUPPER.

TRUE NOBILITY.

ASK not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name ;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.

I care not though of world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If *yes* you answer when I ask,
"Hath he a true man's heart?"

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed ;
If pure the spring, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.

The palace or the hovel
Where first his life began,
I seek not of ; but answer this—
"Is he an honest man ?"

Nay, blush not now ; what matters it
Where first he drew his breath ?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of HIM of Nazareth !

Be nought, be any, everything,
I care not what you be,
If *yes* you answer, when I ask,
"Art thou pure, true, and free ?"
R. NICOLL.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

The fount, re-appearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow ;
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,*
 Sage counsel in cumber,†
 Red hand in the foray,‡
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone—and for ever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I WENT one night to my father's house—
 Went home to the dear ones all,
 And softly I opened the garden gate,
 And softly the door of the hall :
 My mother came out to meet her son,
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,
 And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
 For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
 As still and cold he lay,

* *Correi*, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

† *Cumber*, perplexity.

‡ *Foray* (forage), a plundering expedition.

And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay ;
" O Death ! thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried ;
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died.

Again I will go to my father's house,
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall :
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side ;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed :
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride ;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

J. D. ROBINSON.

YOUNG AGAIN.

AN old man sits in a high-backed chair,
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor ;
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
From the scented summer air ;
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair ;

And the leaden lid of his eye droops down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams ;
His head droops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest :
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll—
He is a child again ;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain ;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain ;

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine ;
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin ;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin ;

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool ;
And a sigh escapes his parting lips,
As he hears the bell for school ;
And he wishes it were nine o'clock,
And the morning never dull.

A mother's hand pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A summer breeze blows in at the door,
With the toss of a leafy bough ;
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

ANON.

THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

It seemed at first a mournful sight
That little room to me revealed :
A child whose eyes were closed in night,
Her lips in hopeless silence sealed.
Chained down by weakness to her bed—
Her tender frame by suffering wrung—
“A bitter lot is thine,” I said;
“A heavy cross for one so young.”

But, oh ! far otherwise I mused,
When once I saw, with glad surprise,
How this meek lamb, so sorely bruised,
To the Good Shepherd raised her eyes.
How patient on His breast she lay,
And kissed the hand of chastening love ;
And bless'd the dark and rugged way
That led her to His fold above !

Sweet child ! so greatly tried and blest,
Thou soon wilt lay thy burden down ;—
The rougher road, the happier rest ;
The heavier cross, the brighter crown.
For days of darkness, yet to thee
Shall everlasting light be given ;
And the first face that thou shalt see
Will be thy Saviour's face in heaven.

That fettered tongue, here mute so long,
Shall burst its bonds in sudden praise ;
Its first glad words will be the song
Which round the throne the ransomed raise.
From sufferings freed, and free from sin,
And in unclouded light to shine,—
If faith can such a triumph win,
Sweet child, a blessed lot is thine !

REV. J. D. BURNS.

LITTLE SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

LITTLE shoes and stockings !

What a tale ye speak,
Of the swollen eyelid,
And the tear-wet cheek ;
Of the nightly vigil,
And the daily prayer ;
Of the buried darling,
Present everywhere !

Brightly plaided stockings,
Of the finest wool ;
Rounded feet and dainty,
Each a stocking-ful ;
Tiny shoes of crimson,
Shoes that nevermore
Will awaken echoes
From the toy-strewn floor.

Not the wealth of Indies
Could your worth eclipse,
Priceless little treasures,
Pressed to whitened lips,
As the mother nurses,
From the world apart,
Leaning on the arrow
That has pierced her heart.

Head of flaxen ringlets ;
Eyes of heaven's blue ;
Parted mouth—a rosebud—
Pearls, just peeping through ;
Soft arms, softly twining
Round her neck at eve ;—
Little shoes and stockings,
These the dreams ye weave.

Weave her yet another,
Of the world of bliss,—

Let the stricken mother
Turn away from this ;
Bid her dream believing
Little feet await,
Watching for her passing
Through the pearly gate.

ANON.

THE STAR AND THE CHILD.

A MAIDEN walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled, as in its depths she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven ;
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.—

A MOTHER sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as from its eyes she caught
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even ;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

ANON.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro ;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
A secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
 Our footsteps wandered last ;
 And old companions—now perchance
 Estranged, forgot, or dead—
 Come round us, as those autumn leaves
 Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
 In our *own* autumn day ;
 And, tottering on with feeble steps,
 Pursue our cheerless way.
 We look not back—too long ago
 Hath all we loved been lost ;
 Nor forward—for we may not live
 To see our new hope crossed :
 But on we go—the sun's faint beam
 A feeble warmth imparts ;
 Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS Book is all that's left me now !—
 Tears will unbidden start—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree :
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped ;
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill !—
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still !

My father read this Holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear ;—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

G. P. MORRIS.

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadow wraps the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses bloom upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild, lustrous light of prayer,
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away,
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the Right!

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
 This silent incense of her heart
 Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
 And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
 By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
 That vision seems my view to greet,
 Of her at home who prays for me.

ANON.

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble;—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
 Trust no leaders in the fight;
 But in every word and action,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
 Fiends may look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight :
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

REV. N. MACLEOD.

THE LAST DAY.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
The dead which they contained before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,—
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners filled with guilty fears
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone—
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His cross I'll view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

LUTHER.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care;
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When Summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;

Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

HEMANS.

